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# A BOOK OF CHARADES





# A BOOK OF CHARADES

BY  
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*Compiler of*  
"THE BOOK OF HUMOROUS VERSE," "SUCH NONENSE," ETC.

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*A Book of Charades*

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## FOREWORD

Though not as old as Riddles, which date back to the good old days of The Sphinx and of Samson, Charades are doubtless the outgrowth of and improvement upon the Enigma.

Human interests ebb and flow as do the natural tides, though not with the same regularity, and many subjects or issues come along every once in so often, as for instance, spiritism, dancing and puzzles.

Charades, especially, come in waves. Long ago, masterpieces were composed by really great writers, Lord Macaulay, Sir Walter Scott, William Mackworth Praed, Charles Calverley and Richard H. Barham.

Much later, a revival of the Charade brought forth the fine work of William Bellamy and his flock of followers.

And now, the graceful diversion is again coming to the fore among the various puzzle types that are engrossing the public interest.

[v]

Yet, charades are not for everybody. Either you like them or you don't.

Sydney Smith was one who didn't. He called them unpardonable trumpery, and insisted that those who made them should be "hurried off to execution, without being allowed to explain why his first is like his second, or what is the resemblance between his fourth and his ninth."

But better judges were better pleased, and the illustrious writers mentioned above, and many more, made charades that were fine poems as well.

We quote one of Praed's to prove our point.

### EXAMPLE

Come from my First, ay, come;  
 The battle dawn is nigh,  
 And the screaming trump and the thundering drum  
 Are calling thee to die.  
 Fight, as thy father fought;  
 Fall, as thy father fell:  
 Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought;  
 So forward and farewell!

Toll ye my Second, toll;  
 Fling high the flambeau's light;  
 And sing the hymn for a parted soul  
 Beneath the silent night;

## FOREWORD

The helm upon his head,  
The cross upon his breast,  
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed:  
Now take him to his rest!

Call ye my Whole, go call  
The lord of lute and lay,  
And let him greet the sable pall  
With a noble song to-day;  
Ay, call him by his name,  
No fitter hand may crave  
To light the flame of soldier's fame  
On the turf of a soldier's grave!

ANSWER: CAMPBELL.

To be sure, not all charades were as poetical as this, nor as strictly adherent to the best charade usage.

For example, this English effort is more amusing than interesting:

My first is a little bird as 'ops;  
My second comes with Maytime crops;  
My 'ole you eats with mutton chops.

The answer is sparrer-grass.

Another joyous one is:

My first is part of the face;  
My second is a kind of jam;

My third is a pleasure boat;  
 My whole is a well known English  
 authoress.

Answer: George Eliot. (Jaw, jelly, yacht.)

But returning to the modern and serious charade, it is necessary to cite a few of the rules formulated by the masters of the art, and adhered to by the best charade makers.

First of all it is understood that the division of a word must be according to its spelling or its pronunciation, but not necessarily to both.

That is, a word like bequest may be divided be-quest (as spelled) or beak-west, (as pronounced).

In a word like toucan, the first syllable may be treated as to, too or two, as all are pronounced alike.

In a word like necklace, the second syllable may be used as lace, as it is spelled, though not so pronounced.

A word may be divided differently from its dictionary division.

Palmist may be divided pal-mist, or cascade cask-ade, if desired. So long as either spelling

or pronunciation is duly observed, the composer is within his rights.

The words *my first*, *my second*, *my third*, must be used to denote the syllables. First, second, third, is incorrect.

*My first* and *my last* may be used for dissyllables, but for longer words *my last* must not be used, as it makes for confusion.

Syllables used in sequence are called one, two, three, &c.

Supposing the word to be Benjamin, then *my whole* is Benjamin. But *my one*, *two*, *three*, would mean the sentence, Ben jam in.

These rules may at first sound confusing, but they are not, they are clarifying, and are necessary to clean-cut charade work.

Great liberties may be taken with various meanings, puns, plays on words and cross references, but the statements must be true, however they are mixed up to mislead. The charm of a charade lies in catching the vague shadowy intent of its lines, and then realizing the truth of them, not at first apparent.

Charades give scope for play of the imagination and turns or twists of ideas, seemingly far-fetched but really entirely apropos.

## FOREWORD

They have been the sport of cultured and educated people for centuries and their present revival is to be hailed with delight by true puzzle fans.

Plutarch tells us that Homer died of chagrin at being unable to solve a puzzle, so not desirous of any such tragedy, the answers have been placed in the back of the book.



# A BOOK OF CHARADES



ONE

**M**Y first, what power and might are  
thine!

Sometimes I think thou art divine;  
Titled and great! we often see  
A shrinking culprit brought to thee.

My second, fond of fruit and flowers,  
Thou lovest to bide in leafy bowers;  
Yet, heeding not the solemn gloom,  
Thou visitest the hero's tomb.

My whole, though by my whole accursed,  
Each day buys and devours my first.

TWO

**T**HERE was a sound of revelry by night,  
And stealthily my first came to my  
whole

Upon my third. The moon was shining bright,  
And others came. Their voices stirred my soul.  
No sleep till morn! Unless with missile fleet  
I chase my first away with flying feet.  
Though to my second in my aim I feared,  
After a few attempts they disappeared.

THREE

**T**HERE once was a beautiful dancing-girl,  
Her lips and her cheeks were red;  
And in consequence of her graceful whirl,  
My first soon lost his head.

The noise of my second we shuddering hear,  
For oft where its rattle is found,  
The serpent that bites is lingering near,  
And the adder that stings is around.

My whole is the color of quinces or gold,  
Of saffron or daffodil;  
It causes jealousy, we are told,  
And it makes us awfully ill.

FOUR

**M**Y first is given and received, a blessing  
and a bane,

You may buy it at the station, get it gratis on  
the train.

You may find it in a puppet-booth or in a banquet hall,

And I think perhaps the Roman was the noblest  
of them all.

'Twas in my second, long ago, brave men put  
out to sea;

And at an English fête I saw my second flowing  
free.

And I leaned against my second, of live and  
solid oak;

But as I grasped my second, alas, it dropped  
and broke.

My whole at Christmas seasons with holly we  
entwine;

Upon the old Whig taverns 't was painted as  
a sign.

But in its depths lurk dangers, from its floating  
cakes of ice

To its balmy breath of sugar cane, its tropic  
fruits and spice.

FIVE

WHEN I'm my whole, I do not care  
Whether the days be dark or fair;  
I do not care for crops or grain,  
For pipes or horses or champagne,  
Or what I eat, or what I wear.

I care not though my friends declare  
My first is calm. I'm in despair.  
And cheerfulness I cannot feign  
When I'm my whole.

Consequent joys I'll gladly spare;  
I'd rather be my last elsewhere,  
Haply within my own domain.  
And though I'm really not profane  
I almost feel obliged to swear  
When I'm my whole.



SIX

WHEN you have guessed my first,  
you'll see

How very dear it is to me;

With feathers soft and white and fair

It flutters in the evening air,

Marvel of grace and symmetry.

Jefferson, Edison, Hood, all three,

My second were well known to be;

You'll understand this, I declare,

When you have guessed.

My whole is always said to flee

When shining day breaks o'er the lea;

Its hollow laugh we'll gladly spare,

And gladly miss its ghostly glare;

To this I'm sure you will agree

When you have guessed.

SEVEN

**W**E listened breathless, not a person  
stirred;

The beating of my first we plainly heard.

In life we often cross my last, when dry,

But cross it wet when we are called to die.

My whole will drive the neighbors nearly  
wild;

It fell to my share when I was a child.

EIGHT

SWEET Carlotta at my side,  
Gayly o'er the waves we ride.  
As we banter on the yacht,  
She is happy, I am not;  
For, beneath my first, her eyes  
Frown and smile and tantalize.  
Though she rules my very soul,  
She is governed by my whole.  
If she'd only marry me  
How contented I would be;  
If I heard our wedding bell,  
If my second on us fell,  
Gayly then away I'd ride,  
Sweet Carlotta at my side.

NINE

**O**NE gained and kept the foremost place,  
And by my first he won the race.  
My second is exceeding black  
And often follows after Jack.  
In old mythology we read  
My whole was served by Ganymede.  
And yet 't was not as good methinks  
As to-day's Soda Fountain drinks.

TEN

**A**LTHOUGH I plead,  
    She firmly said  
    My first, which dashed my dreams.  
My second we  
Admit to be  
    Not always what it seems.

You may find my whole  
In a golden bowl,  
    And kings for it have striven;  
The pauper owns,  
The miser loans,  
    And the Pope to us has given.

ELEVEN

**H**O! fill your glass to comrades gay,  
Let song and laughter burst;  
Then fill your glass to those away,  
And fill it to my first.

Go bring a jug of my second up,  
Bring flagons of rare old wine,  
And fetch the cherished loving-cup;  
We'll drink to mine and thine.

Now, who to mix this draught is skilled?  
We want no bitter bowl  
Like that which Dickens said was filled  
With treacle and my whole.

TWELVE

**B**ENEATH the sharp ax Queen Mary  
knelt,

And often its blows my first has dealt  
To kings and queens and chickens.

The hour for my whole to each must come,  
My first of my second is thought by some  
The finest work of Dickens.

THIRTEEN

**T**HE office-seeker's attitude is arrogant and  
proud,

His mien is very haughty, and his voice is very  
loud;

He'll bow to no man's orders, by none he'll be  
coerced,

Yet he always is delighted when he's asked to  
serve my first.

His mind is ever working out his avaricious  
dreams;

He burns my midnight second while he plans  
his wily schemes;

He devotes himself, untiring, his ambitions to  
attain,

And he throws himself with fervor in my whole  
of the campaign.



FOURTEEN

**M**Y first, of thee the poets sing,  
And notes of praise to thee they bring;  
Though dark, yet fair thou'rt said to be,  
And many prayers ascend to thee.

My second, beautiful but shy,  
Thou wilt with me this evening fly;  
With cushioned cab, and thee beside,  
Methinks I could forever ride.

My whole! what horrors dread are thine,  
What fiendish tortures, deeds malign,  
What ghastly terrors! yet from thee,  
A word will set thy victims free.

FIFTEEN

**M**Y gay-colored first is a bower  
Which is spoiled if it's out in a shower;  
The heathen Chinee  
Was quick-witted to see  
That it wields a remarkable power.

My last at Thermopylæ fell,  
For my last must be rung the death-knell;  
From fears that molest,  
My mind is at rest,  
When my last they assure me is well.

My whole is a horrible beast  
Which is found in the wilds of the East  
By Mr. Linnæus,  
Named Canis Aureus;  
It is fond of the lately deceased.

SIXTEEN

WHENEVER I take my walks abroad,  
How many poor I see;  
Down in my first an awful fraud  
This morning begged of me.  
Each place I visited, revealed  
Suffering and distress  
I wandered homeward through a field,  
My last clung to my dress.

Under thy influence, my whole,  
Beneath thy absolute control,  
Men cannot speak or sing or walk,  
Or if they move around or talk,  
By no volition of their own  
They do it. But thy sway o'erthrown,  
Then they resume their smiles and tears,  
Their joys, and sorrows, hopes and fears.

SEVENTEEN

UNDER the shimmering starbeams bright,  
Gayly I rambled with Rosalie  
In grandmother's garden that summer night.

With her eyes so blue with her skin so white,  
With my first so red, she was fair to see,  
Under the shimmering starbeams bright.

The mischievous moon shone with silver light  
As the maiden coquettishly smiled at me  
In grandmother's garden that summer night.

Of all the village, she had the right  
To be called my second, I thought with glee,  
Under the shimmering starbeams bright.

I plucked my total, so small and slight,  
And gave it to her as we wandered free  
In grandmother's garden that summer night.

I was caught in her toils, the merry sprite!  
I told her I loved her, on bended knee,  
Under the shimmering starbeams bright,  
In grandmother's garden that summer night.

EIGHTEEN

**M**Y first, men traverse land and sea,  
In an untiring search for thee;  
Yet thou art found in many boats,  
From thee our flag in triumph floats.

Thee, my last, men will often thank,  
A kind of fish, a badge of rank;  
An actor who plays well his part,  
Yet many wonder what thou art.

Far from their firesides and their wives,  
My whole saved many sailors' lives,  
Guided them safely, homeward bound;  
In a bear's tail it may be found.

NINETEEN

**W**ITHIN my hammock, alone and lazy,  
Through smoke-wreaths hazy I see  
my friend;

In calm contentment at home abiding,  
I watch him striding around the bend.

Across the meadow among the thistles  
He sings and whistles in careless glee;  
He does not heed me, I know he's going  
Where streams are flowing to one, two, three.

I give my mind up to idle fancies,  
Such as a man sees in sunny Spain,  
A half-forgotten pastime in Seville,  
A pictured revel forms in my brain.

A Spanish maid decked with scarlet roses,  
Whose swaying poses delight like rhyme  
Dainty and graceful, her bright eyes glancing  
While to her dancing my whole keeps time.

TWENTY

**T**HERE was once a merry maiden, a bewitching, gay brunette;

In the art of breaking hearts she was well versed;

And she flirted and coquetted with every man she met,

Until everybody said it was my first.

When the lovers flocked around her, and sought her smiles to win,

And at her dainty feet their fortunes cast,  
She flouted them, and scouted them, to their intense chagrin,

While heartlessly she chuckled in my last.

But one by one her suitors grew impatient of her ways,

And one by one escaped from her control;  
Until none of her devoted slaves remained, and all her days

The lonely little maiden lived my whole.

TWENTY-ONE

**O**FTEN with dread and horror seen,  
Although sometimes proclaimed  
a queen,

My first with no intent of ill  
Began the battle of Bunker Hill.

My second is a growing thing,  
We welcome it anew each spring;  
'Tis eaten gladly by the cow,  
I think you're looking at it now.

The differing creeds, it seems to me,  
On this one point will all agree:  
That he who wants to save his soul  
Must honestly profess my whole.



TWENTY-TWO

ON either side the river lie  
Long fields of barley and of rye;  
My first blows free beneath the sky,  
And through the field the road runs by  
To many-towered Camelot.

There she weaves by night and day  
A magic web of colors gay;  
She dare not from my second stray,  
The Lady of Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,  
Like to some branch of stars we see;  
Perhaps it was my whole to thee,  
O bold Sir Lancelot!

TWENTY-THREE

**Y**OU see my first when you behold  
The jester's broadly grinning face.  
Proud of his skill, the huntsman bold  
Brings home my second from the chase.  
Although my whole is cheap and mean,  
I would not change with king or queen.

TWENTY-FOUR

**M**Y first is part of a whizzing wheel; 't is  
made of iron or wood.

Of my second oft in fairy-tales we've heard;  
He lives in darksome forests, and he wears a  
pointed hood.

And the capital of Nevada is my third.  
My whole a Roman family once could claim,  
But now, alas! it's nothing but a name.

TWENTY-FIVE

ONE summer night,  
'Neath the pale moonlight  
O'er the crested waves we sped;  
As on deck I lay,  
I watched the spray  
And my starry first o'erhead.  
My last I've heard,  
Was the latest word  
That Marmion ever said;  
The flowing bowl  
They filled from my whole  
And the wine was rich and red.

TWENTY-SIX

**T**HE farmhouse stood by the flowery lane,  
Down in the meadow the cows were  
lowing;

A soft breeze stirred the golden grain,  
And a pretty maid to my first was going.

A rustic swain came by that way,  
(She looked so winning, who could resist  
her?)

She blushed like any rose in May,  
And turned my second when he kissed her.

But as she took her homeward path,  
Her anger rose toward her daring lover;  
While she trembled in her righteous wrath  
From my whole the drops were brimming  
over.

TWENTY-SEVEN

**M**Y feathered first to merry tune  
Skims lightly o'er the blue lagoon;  
Though in another shape 't is found  
In darksome caverns under ground.

A doting mother named her son  
Gustave Orlando Algernon;  
And then she was extremely vexed  
To hear the boys call him my next.

My whole is very high and rare,  
It lives suspended in the air;  
In shape and color 't will outvie  
The most resplendent butterfly.

TWENTY-EIGHT

**A**LTHOUGH in Bible lore well versed,  
Some call the Sixteenth Psalm my first.  
A suitor for a lady plead,  
But her stern father firmly said,  
“Until you have more wealth amassed,  
You cannot call yourself my last.”  
My whole, by enemies surrounded,  
A clever riddle once propounded.

TWENTY-NINE

**A**LTHOUGH my first was all his life  
ignored,

Above his cavillers his spirit soared;  
And with his unpraised prose and unread rhyme  
He flung his genius in the teeth of Time.

My second, always eager to assail,  
You're often beaten, thereby hangs a tale;  
And often on your helpless prey you pounce,  
The while half-muttered curses you pronounce.

My whole, for many tragedies to blame,  
What crimes have been committed in thy  
name!

Wife-beating, dissipation, martyrs blind,  
And ruined lives thy mention brings to mind.



THIRTY

**M**Y first we may see when approaching  
New York,

We often obtain it by means of a fork;  
In its secret assistance the pupil delights,  
The New Woman claims it as one of her rights.

My second is dug by the farmer's sharp spade,  
But viewed with dismay in my lady's brocade;  
Attractive to mice, in a cake often found,  
'T is seen in the old, and made in the ground.

My whole may be easily guessed from these  
rhymes;  
I'm sure you've seen through it a great many  
times.

THIRTY-ONE

**T**HE American eagle is dear to some,  
But my first before the bird must come;  
The Spanish court looked on, aghast,  
When brave Columbus sailed my last;  
My uncle's fortune's said to be  
A very handsome legacy;  
'T will be my whole if left to me.

THIRTY-TWO

**M**Y last is computed by means of my first;  
It is lost, spent, and wasted, but that's  
not the worst.

It is taken and killed, 't is reduced to a point,  
And sometimes 't is dragging along out of joint.  
When my last comes for roses to bloom in my  
first,  
My whole is by poets repeatedly versed.

THIRTY-THREE

**T**HOUGH hardly a path of glory,  
My first leads to the grave;  
Unless by giving my second  
Both life and health we save.

My third is of very small value,  
The favorite haunt of a mouse;  
My whole you will find in the kitchen  
Of every well-ordered house.

THIRTY-FOUR

**O**F traitors Arnold was the worst,  
Yet Englishmen call him my first.  
My second comes to all good men  
Who reach their threescore years and ten.

My whole was by a heathen horde  
Exalted, worshipped, feared, adored;  
But fell to earth, and perished, prone,  
By Hebrew courage overthrown.

THIRTY-FIVE

**M**Y one and two Canova's fame prolongs;  
My three is ivy-crowned on old  
Silenus;  
My whole, I'm sure you will agree, belongs  
To Massachusetts and the Milo Venus.

THIRTY-SIX

**I**N dark and stormy times, by God's decree,  
My first fell to the dust. A king was  
crowned,

So wise and just, by all the region round  
Peaceful and blest my first was said to be.

Before his queen my second bends the knee,  
A German leader, for his skill renowned  
In bow or ball; and with salute profound,  
Among the lancers meets his vis-à-vis.

Niagara! I love thy thunderous roar,  
Thy mighty torrent dashing madly by,  
Thy fairy spray twinkling with diamonds  
bright.

And standing, spell-bound, on the rocky shore  
I watch thy grandeur. Faintly I descry  
My shining whole, with rapturous delight.

THIRTY-SEVEN

**M**Y first was oftentimes bestowed  
By lady fair on valiant knight,  
And if you give it to a friend,  
Undoubtedly 't is right.

For sale along a city street  
My second often may be found;  
Costly yet small, they're sometimes sold  
A dozen to the pound.

My third was worshipped by his tribe,  
O'er all his men he reigned supreme;  
Yet each has some one whom he thinks  
My third in his esteem.

My whole, an old Egyptian charm,  
A wretch demanded of his wife,  
Which failing to receive, enraged,  
He took her life.



THIRTY-EIGHT

**I** SING my first. Come dirges and sad  
moans,  
And wailings dire, and sobbing sighs and  
groans,  
And blighted hopes, and swiftly dropping  
tears,  
And dreary days, and long and lonely years.

I sing my last. Come mirth and laughter gay,  
On with the festive dance till dawn of day!  
Come merry madness, revelry, and sport,  
And fickle Folly holding mimic court.  
Copied from Shakespeare, whom it well defines,  
My whole has strength and beauty in its lines.

THIRTY-NINE

ONE beautiful day in early May,  
Some recreation wishing,  
I took my creel and my rod and reel,  
In my first I went a-fishing.

I chanced to pass a country lass,  
I smiled as I espied her;  
For with awkward air and a sheepish stare  
My second walked beside her.

When the day was spent, I homeward went,  
While the twinkling starbeams glistened;  
'Twas a glorious night, and with calm de-  
light  
To the song of my whole I listened.

FORTY

**M**Y first at times the sea-breeze gently  
stirs,

Again my first speeds foaming o'er the track  
And wins the race.

My second stands among  
An ancient line of noted characters;  
A noble line, my second near the head.

My whole, a monarch absolute, controls  
His subjects with despotic power and sway  
Albeit they love him. If he speak or move,  
They say, "Aha! my lord doth so and so."

And if he but express a wish, they fly  
Instantly to obey his shrill behest.  
Shakespeare avows he wears upon his brow  
The very round and top of sovereignty.

FORTY-ONE

**W**HEN Shakespeare's fair Viola wished  
for a beard,  
On my first, as my first we are told she ap-  
peared;  
Of my second, King Solomon truly declares  
Her meat in the summer she duly prepares;  
With blaring of trumpets and banging of  
drums,  
My whole in its splendor triumphantly comes.

FORTY-TWO

**M**Y last is a stone,  
And my first is a fraud;  
Though it quiets a babe's moan,  
Yet my last is a stone;  
My total is grown  
In a country abroad;  
My last is a stone,  
And my first is a fraud.

FORTY-THREE

**I** WALKED across my first,  
With my second in my arms,  
In hopes that I might find my whole  
At one of the near-by farms.

Success my efforts crowned,  
My whole came at my beck;  
I left my one and two, and said,  
“Be sure to wring its neck.”

FORTY-FOUR

**M**Y first proclaims the night is past  
And day has dawned. Hope tells my  
last.

My whole some take to quench their thirst,  
And yet my whole adorns my first.

FORTY-FIVE

**M**Y first hangs from the Congo trees,  
Subject of many theories;  
Among the hills and mossy dells,  
Among the wildwood brakes and fells,  
'Neath winter skies and summer suns,  
My noisy little second runs.  
When rains their swelling torrents bring,  
You'll find my whole in every spring;  
And in my whole the great Shakespeare  
Began and ended his career.



FORTY-SIX

**I**N a little old school-house that stood on a  
hill

A little old schoolmaster taught with a will.

But over his pupils he had no control ;

They said he was crusty and cross and my  
whole.

And the rascals declared it would serve him  
just right

To play him a practical joke some fine night.

So down to the river they went, and they took

My first from my last of the dark, muddy  
brook.

Then they eagerly hurried, yet quiet as a mouse,

Till they came to the little old schoolmaster's  
house.

They smuggled my first in my last with great  
glee,

And chuckled to think how irate he would be.

FORTY-SEVEN

**M**AID of Athens, ere we part,  
Hear my first with tender heart;  
Ere another hour is past,  
Let me be of thee my last.  
Then behold my very soul  
Filled o'erflowing with my whole.

FORTY-EIGHT

**A**LTHOUGH my first men shoot and eat,  
It is not always wild;  
My second crowned with blossoms sweet  
Is clambering o'er a rustic seat,  
Sweet Nature's graceful child.  
My whole thrives best in tropic heat,  
Or where the climate's mild.

FORTY-NINE

**T**O the grandest of monarchs that ever was  
seen

My first was presented by Sheba's fair queen.

Far, far away back in the ages long past,  
According to science, the earth was my last.

My whole is a creature exceedingly fair,  
Addicted to singing and combing her hair.

FIFTY

**B**ENEATH the Roman Eagle's glory,  
Great Cæsar, famed in song and story,  
Triumphant banners floating o'er him,  
Carried my Roman first before him.

In springtime days of sunny weather,  
When lads and lasses dance together,  
Around the May-pole gaily flying,  
They are my last, there's no denying.

A gallant knight and lovely lady  
Were sauntering down a pathway shady;  
He offered her, with words beguiling,  
My whole, which she accepted, smiling.

FIFTY-ONE

**M**Y first was ground beneath the oppressor's wheel,  
Subjected unto barbarous tyrannies;  
With ears cut off, encaged in netted wire  
Into a burning fiery furnace thrust.  
My first take from my second, and my whole  
Remains.

My second is a faithful friend.  
Gayly with him across the moors I go  
From morn to dewy eve.

I went one day  
To visit an old man. Beside the fire  
He sate. His well-loved pipe, made of my  
whole,  
He smoked in calm and undisturbed content.

FIFTY-TWO

**A** SOLDIER of the rebels lay dying in the  
field;

A brave but sturdy fighter, he could fall but  
could not yield.

But a comrade stood beside him while his life-  
blood trickled fast,

And bent, with pitying glances, to wrap him  
in my last,

Seeking his country's glory, e'en in the cannon's  
mouth.

Though in the midst of bloodshed, my first  
stood for the South.

The dying soldier faltered as he took his com-  
rade's hand,

Saying, "Make my whole, my brother, it is my  
last command."

FIFTY-THREE

**M**Y first, of high degree,  
Thousands succumb to thee—  
In Oriental countries thou art found;  
Beneath thy mighty power  
Thy fainting victims cower,  
Thy greatness brings them prostrate to the  
ground.

Unhonored and unsung,  
My second was, when young,  
Beheaded by a tyrant's stern decree;  
Her home and friends she left,  
Her children were bereft,  
Yet martyred in a worthy cause was she.

In far Afghanistan,  
In China and Japan,  
On Greenland's ice and India's coral strands;  
My whole in mighty hordes,  
So history records,  
Worship their idols in barbaric bands.



FIFTY-FOUR

AH, distinctly I remember  
'Twas my first and not December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its  
ghost upon the floor,

Eagerly I wished the morrow,  
Vainly I had sought to borrow  
In my last, surcease of sorrow, sorrow for the  
lost Lenore.

For my whole so rare and radiant,  
Whom the angels named Lenore—  
Nameless here forevermore.

FIFTY-FIVE

WHEN from my ivied casement I look  
down

Upon the garden bathed in sunset glow

I see my first ranged in imposing rows

Yet distant as the poles,

I hear the noise

Of merry children romping in their glee;

I hear their laughter and I hear my last.

A hero of my youthful days there was,

Who, with inquiring mind and hatchet sharp,

Upon my whole reached everlasting fame.

FIFTY-SIX

**T**HE breaking waves dashed high,  
The vessel rose and fell;  
My first was drenched from end to end  
With every heavy swell.

The vivid lightning flashed,  
The awful thunder boomed.  
“Unless my last is sent to us,”  
The captain said, “we’re doomed.”

The tempest cleared away  
Before the morning light.  
“Within my whole,” the captain said,  
“I’ve not seen such a night.”

FIFTY-SEVEN

**T**HE melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year;

There's not a flower on all the hills because my first is here.

And through the keen and wintry air I watch the leaves my last;

I shall not see my whole again until the winter's past.

FIFTY-EIGHT

**O**F my first, 't is averred  
That there is no such word;  
But we know better.  
Unless you said, "Proceed"—  
I would not dare to read  
My second letter.  
Unless my total you have made,  
Already you 've guessed this charade.

FIFTY-NINE

**M**Y dogs I love, my horses I adore;  
They're much to me, and yet my last  
is more.

And though my first is less, my whole I know,  
Has ever been my last's unconquered foe.

SIXTY

**T**HOUGH some one spoke this truthful  
word,

“The pen is mightier than the sword,”  
Without my first, you’ll all agree,  
Of little use the pen would be.

Deep in my second, long ago,  
Young Mr. Green was said to throw  
A victim innocent of wrong,  
The hero of a well-known song.

What products of what mighty brains!  
What wond’rous books my whole contains!  
What reams of prose and verse! Yet all  
Tinged with the bitterness of gall!

SIXTY-ONE

**M**Y first is black and white and blue and  
red,

'T is yellow, yes, and sometimes it is gray;

'T is high and low, 't is restless and 't is dead,

'T is writ for us to read and sing and play.

My last is greeted with delight and dread,

The farmer's solace and the farmer's bane;

Trod by his feet, yet worn upon his head,

Refreshed and ruined by a drenching rain.

My whole lay deep beneath the waves, they  
said,

But bravely rescued from the billow's roll,

Though dripping wet upon the sands out-  
spread,

With gladness and delight I pressed my  
whole.



SIXTY-TWO

**A** BRAVE man looked forth and a figure  
he saw;

'T was bound to my first—he surveyed it with  
awe.

And as it was fast disappearing from sight,

He began to my second with furious might.

An often-fought foe, very hard to control,

In the Scriptures we read of the fall of my  
whole.

SIXTY-THREE

THE night was dark, the way was cold,  
And very cold and tired was I;  
Across the wide, deserted wold  
We trudged beneath a heavy sky;  
We felt of friends and joy bereft  
Since my bright second we had left.

In sooth, 't was bad enough to plod  
From scenes so dear to beau and belle,  
But Fate had still a heavier rod—  
My first without a warning fell,  
And on the ground lay white and still  
Just as we reached the castle hill.

We ran, and as we ran we pressed  
My first into my second small.  
Not ours to sleep, to sit, to rest,  
If we would reach the town at all;  
But still we stooped my first to roll,  
And thus that night we made my whole.

SIXTY-FOUR

**M**Y powerful first, thou standest in thy  
stall,

Many a man is held beneath thy thrall;  
And men for thee will fortunes gladly spend,  
And yet by man thou'rt bound and boxed and  
penned.

He stamps upon thee, puts thee on the rack,  
And marketh thee with stripes across thy back.

My second, goodly joys thou canst convey,  
Gladly we take thy round from day to day;  
Made of coarse clay and often underbred,  
Dear to the heir yet buried with the dead.

My whole, what honored titles thou hast borne!  
Designed for use, thou also dost adorn.  
Allowed to roam, yet kept within the bound,  
By thine assistance oft the lost is found.

SIXTY-FIVE

**M**Y first is made of what is said to be  
By some, most valuable of all the  
metals;

Again, my first is food for you and me,  
And both of these are sometimes found in  
kettles.

You've seen my first and heard it, too, and  
Zounds!

It weighs, they say, two hundred and fifty  
pounds.

My second is well-known of late; although  
It is so long it never can be measured.

My second, born two hundred years ago,  
Chevalier of France, he lived and pleased.

My second's vague, but if I could live through  
it,

I will confess that I would gladly do it.

My whole is seen in Naples, Florence, Rome;  
Yet eagerly by tourists sought in Venice;

My whole is more attached than most to home,  
Yet often carries news of dreadful menace;  
Although he may not speak of her as wife,  
My whole is faithful to his mate for life.

SIXTY-SIX

**M**Y first is the well-known historical home  
Of a noted historical lady;  
My first in strange countries is oft known to  
roam,  
Or along a green path cool and shady.

My first is my lady's great pride and delight;  
Yet they say that a woman can't do it;  
My first stamps the home, though 'tis oft out  
of sight;  
When I was a child I went through it.

My last is a very queer book, so men say,  
So scarce that we rarely can find it;  
A most welcome caller, a place far away,  
'Tis twisted, yet still we can wind it.

My whole, a great healer, thy power I allow,  
Though others thy help may be scorning;  
For ere I go worldward, to thee I must bow,  
And beseech thine assistance each morning.

SIXTY-SEVEN

**M**Y whole was a queen  
Of disconsolate mien  
Who built a large pile in the past;  
In sorrow immersed,  
She vowed to my first,  
And that's what she vowed to my last.  
To-day, though, my whole is suggestive of  
sport,  
Or at least it implies cutting up of some sort.

SIXTY-EIGHT

CLAD in his ermine and his robes of state,  
The haughty king in pomp and splendor  
sate.

And 'mong the crowds which thronged the regal  
chair,

My first approached and looked upon him there,  
She, too, with white furred robe and regal mien,  
And noble fair and countenance serene.

"What does she here?" grumbled a doughty  
knight.

The king replied, "The world hath said she  
might."

I walked across a sunny field one day,

And saw an old man working by the way.

"How is my last, old man?" I gayly said.

"My last?" said he and bent his grizzled head.

"Is my last good?" I said it o'er again.

"My last?" he said (he seemed perplexed),  
and then—



"Is my last good?" I asked of him once more.

"Fine, sir," he said, "better than e'er before."

Across the ocean's wave my total lies;

And, as Lord Tennyson in verse implies,

Is dull and undesirable, but still,

I'd gladly travel there, had I my will.

SIXTY-NINE

**F**IRST sign of Liberty! My first has stood  
For half a hundred years, and still is  
good  
For half a hundred more.

My last, though thin,  
Though old and bent, yet lithe and strong has  
been

Strung up for killing U. S. Army men,  
Perhaps deprived them of my whole; and when  
My whole is lacking, he would be a goose  
Who'd say most stovepipes are of any use.

Though shoves and pushing may not be al-  
lowed,  
My whole is helpful getting through a crowd.

SEVENTY

**M**Y first, untidy though thou art,  
A noted writer and a scribe,  
This trait of thine has won my heart,  
Thy kindness to the feathered tribe.

My second dwells among the hills,  
Or lives in India's coral strand;  
And many hearts with fear it thrills  
When marching in a mighty band.

Sailing upon the summer seas,  
I watch the yachts and pleasure boats  
Spurred on by the propelling breeze—  
How gracefully my total floats!

## SEVENTY-ONE

**T**HE dusky shadows deepened and the  
night was drawing on,  
A weary maiden watched my dying first, so  
nearly gone;  
She mused a while in silence, then to herself she  
spake,  
“Ah, me, but when to-morrow dawns, I know  
my first will break.”

The youth rode on. Like Scott's brave knight,  
he stayed not for my last;  
He lingered not nor faltered, but pressed on-  
ward hard and fast.  
Alas! he took the downward course, with many  
dangers rife;  
But just in time he used my last, and so he  
saved his life.

My whole, by artists painted and by poets  
often sung,  
Thou hast across the Orient thy royal banners  
flung.

Thy wonders and thy glories we travel miles to  
see,  
And the benighted wanderer oft sighs in vain  
for thee.

SEVENTY-TWO

**T**HE banners were waving, gems glittered  
and shone,  
When my first and my second ascended the  
throne,  
And peacefully reigned with a merciful sway,  
In glory and splendor.

But one summer day  
A message was brought to the court and the  
state,  
That the king was not coming, the session must  
wait.

A great consternation o'er all faces spread,  
As they whispered, in sorrow, "Alack for his  
head!"

And the courtiers answered, "Alas for his poll!  
Oh, who can now help him, his head is my  
whole!"

And they whispered again, as they turned from  
the scene,  
"My first and my second has beaten the queen!"

SEVENTY-THREE

**M**Y grandsire in the Mayflower came  
across the raging waters,  
And so I sought to join the Revolutionary  
Daughters.

I studied up my pedigree and when my search  
was ended

I learned to my chagrin that from my first I  
had descended!

The cashier left his books in wild confusion and  
disorder

And started to my last across the far Canadian  
border.

The pretty flapper of to-day takes quite a lot  
of shocking,

But gets it when she sees my last in her new  
rose-beige stocking.

My whole is used by artisans of every clime and  
nation.

The blacksmith's need, the mason's pride, the  
schoolgirl's detestation.

A BOOK OF CHARADES

And history recounts a case of how my whole  
was made  
Of vegetable products found in a garden  
glade. .



SEVENTY-FOUR

I MET my whole in a far distant land,  
Shiftless and wild, he roamed upon the  
sand.

"Are you my last?" in sudden fear I said.  
He only said my first, and shook his head.

Yet but reverse the letters of my whole,  
A friend we see, a noble, loving soul.  
One of a well-known and historic pair,  
Whose names are seen in Quiz Books every-  
where,

SEVENTY-FIVE

**I**N gorgeous splendor once upon a time,  
My second reigned in Afric's sunny clime.  
A slave provoked his monarch's royal ire,  
And stood before him under sentence dire.

"My first, my last," he stammered, "pity me!  
Must I obey thy horrible decree?  
Oh, thou, who over millions hast control—"  
One word the monarch uttered, 'twas my whole.

My whole, although you may not realize,  
Is even now before your puzzled eyes.

SEVENTY-SIX

THE time has come. The waiting popu-  
lace  
Breathlessly watch him as he slowly mounts  
The scaffold. Though his timid, trembling  
steps  
Betoken fear, with calm and steady gaze  
He sees my whole above his head. So bright,  
So glittering; on that his eyes are fixed.  
Garbed all in white, a rope about his waist,  
My first upon his feet; silent, although  
He suffers agonies untold. But hark!  
He calls for drink. By some kind hand is  
passed  
To him a brimming tumbler, and within  
He sees my last and he is glad. He drinks,  
Then once again turns my whole. Brave  
man!  
He fears not death, but murmurs to himself;  
"This only I desire, that when I die  
Men say I did my work and did it well."

SEVENTY-SEVEN

**M**Y first's an ancient character, whose  
progeny is dark.

When I was in my nursery he was in my  
Noah's Ark.

My second's very saucy, and Holy Writ  
declares

That those who made my second were punished  
by she bears.

My whole hangs from the branching trees,  
Swayed lightly by a passing breeze.

SEVENTY-EIGHT

**M**Y first was a scholarly Scotchman of  
note.

Discourses and essays he learnedly wrote.

My sccond was found in the post, such a  
scrawl!

That letter never was opened at all.

My third's made of flesh and sinew and bone;  
My first, I suppose, had two of his own.

My whole is a man delightful to folks  
Who enjoy reading jocular stories or jokes.  
Or who listen with glee while his table-talk  
rings

With anecdotes, jests and all suchlike things.

SEVENTY-NINE

**G**REAT Shakespeare was my first; yet  
when he died  
He left my first.

By loving hands his clay  
Was laid my second in the tomb.

And now  
His tombstone to the traveler seems to speak,  
And say, "My second, here's my first!"

The fair Ophelia, gentle, hapless soul,  
Sank to a watery grave beneath my whole.

EIGHTY

**M**Y first's a flowery, bowery place  
Where streamlets gently glide;  
My second is exactly half  
Of Nanki-Poo's fair bride;  
My whole's a kind of resinous gum,  
Or a precious stone it is thought by some.

EIGHTY-ONE

**M**Y first, though scrutinized with close  
inspections

Is found above all human imperfections.

I hold it in my hand,—yet, though polite,

'Tis of no use to me while in my sight.

But still, 't is felt, and in my secret soul,

Upon reflection, I commend my whole.

Now nothing can describe my second better

Than the last part of a well-written letter.

And though it is my second, yet to me

It always gives a hint of number three.

My whole cannot escape his fate so sad,

Tradition tells us all his race goes mad.



EIGHTY-TWO

**M**Y first, in schooldays is unknown.  
To us, 't is by experience shown.  
It has a prominent position  
Wherever there's an exhibition.

My last, though old and like to die,  
Perhaps possessing but one eye,  
Are of small value, people say,  
And pass them carelessly each day.  
D stands for them, and I have found  
Them often in the common pound.

My whole, men struggle to control,  
And with my last they meet my whole.

EIGHTY-THREE

**T**HERE was a bachelor in days of old,  
Who wished to get himself a wife,  
we're told.

And so desirous of a wife was he,  
He started off to London, one, two, three.

He must have found one to delight his soul,  
Because soon after, they returned my whole.

They say that being pestered by a mouse,  
Was why he wished one, two, three, one, his  
house.

EIGHTY-FOUR

**H**ENRY the Eighth grew tired of life  
With Catherine, his lawful wife.  
But for divorce, he'd no decree;  
Enraged, the King cried, "One, two, three!"  
But soon my first gave up her soul,  
Her body was no more my whole.  
And when the obsequies were done,  
The King exclaimed, "Now, two, three, one!"

EIGHTY-FIVE

**F**ASHIONS in ladies' skirts just now decree  
My first must come about down to her  
knee.

My second figures in a certain nine;  
One of a celebrated Roman line.

Scientists have a theory that my third  
Makes music—but it never has been heard.

A couple of my whole go to a ball;  
And on my whole is room enough for all.  
I've been on two, the one that I think best  
Is the one that is designated West.

EIGHTY-SIX

**M**Y last are celebrated, noted, learned;  
Some will not come for years, and  
some are gone—

Ah, never to return. And only one  
We may, with truthfulness, assert exists.

And yet, my first can buy them, eat them, too,  
And set them, if he choose; and upon one  
Of them he may perhaps send forth my whole;  
Or on it may perhaps inscribe my whole;  
Or on my whole he may inscribe my last.

My whole! It pleases us to sing of them,  
When chorusing Columbia, Ocean's Gem!

EIGHTY-SEVEN

**M**Y first's possessed by men and dogs and  
goats,

By books and playing cards and hats and coats.

My second was a maiden young and fair,

Entrusted to a guardian's watchful care.

He who's my whole cannot achieve great fame,

Read my whole backward and it is the same.

A term often applied to Spring; and yet

We often look my whole with deep regret.

EIGHTY-EIGHT

**T**HE vast hosts of Egypt, at Pharaoh's  
decree,  
All blazing in armor marched down to the sea.  
The plot was devised in a moment of rage,  
By my last who committed my first 'gainst a  
sage.  
A dry way through the sea for the hosts was  
revealed;  
But this availed naught, for their dark doom  
was sealed.  
The furious billows no power could control,  
And 'neath the dark waters they soon were my  
whole.

EIGHTY-NINE

**M**Y first gives shelter, now and then,  
To tourists and to traveling men.

My second is a shortened term  
For an incorporated firm.

My third is either man or boy;  
For girls, another word employ.

My fourth's not always promptly paid;  
We see it in our garb, dismayed.

My whole is known throughout the land  
As something hard to understand.  
Describes a speechless joy or pain,  
Or babblings of a lack-wit brain.



NINETY

**M**Y whole's very narrow, but oft it may be  
A way of escape that is welcomed  
with glee.

My first, although swift, sometimes loses the  
race

It is seen when we look a friend in the face.

My last we may estimate, measure or guess,  
The width of a coat and the length of a dress.

My first, as it is in the Question Books said,  
Suspended something over somebody's head.

My last women dread with fear and despair,  
And yet to avoid it, they take little care.

NINETY-ONE

**M**Y first is red and green and black,  
And sometimes, also, blue.

My third and fourth extracted is  
From flowers of every hue.

My first is used by printers, though  
It isn't en or em;  
My third and fourth is used by cooks,  
And greatly prized by them.

Connecting is my second's aim,  
In poetry or prose.  
My whole is burning without flame,  
As everybody knows.

NINETY-TWO

**M**Y first, of thee, the poets sing,  
And notes of praise to thee they bring;  
Though dark, yet fair thou'rt said to be,  
And many prayers ascend to thee.

My second, beautiful but shy,  
Thou wilt with me this evening fly.  
I scorn a motor, but with thee  
Across the world I fain would flee.

My whole, what horrors dread are thine,  
What fiendish tortures, deeds malign,  
What ghastly terrors! Yet, from thee,  
A word will set thy victims free.

## NINETY-THREE

ONCE I passed through my whole. 'Twas  
beautiful;

'Twas like a fairy-land, so gay, so glad,  
So free from care and sorrow. For a time  
I stayed. Yet eagerly desired the day  
When I might leave its simple joys. Ah me,  
If but I might return to them again!

My first is always in my whole. Sometimes  
My first is in my last. When, long ago,  
Red Riding-hood on kindly errand bent,  
Walked to her grandam's cot across the wood,  
My last was on my first.

NINETY-FOUR

**M**Y first's a kind of preaching  
    You do not like, no doubt.  
My second is an article  
    We cannot do without.  
Many a rapid action is  
    Accomplished in my third.  
My whole's a wondrous singer,  
    With notes like any bird.

NINETY-FIVE

**W**HEN vows are made and troth is  
plighted,

'Tis then we see my first united;

My second, aye, and many such  
Have known the handcuff's iron clutch.

My whole's a busy traveling man,  
He's been to China and Japan,  
To Zanzibar and Timbuctoo,  
To Paris, Pekin and Peru.

NINETY-SIX

WHEN the story about Looking Backward  
we read,

We learn of a strange human being,  
Who turned to my first; unlike many a deed,  
The trouble was caused by far-seeing.

In my second (though flowing with honey, I've  
heard,)

I hope I shall ne'er be a dweller;  
And yet from my first to my second and third,  
Is as far as from attic to cellar.

My whole comes in pairs and is useful to all,  
Though its style may be out of all reason;  
Its fashions are changing, now large and now  
small,

And we're glad if it holds but a season.

NINETY-SEVEN

**Y**OU can turn my first and it gives a nod,  
You can turn my last if you will;  
But the more you try to turn my whole  
The more it stands stock-still.  
My whole is the helpless butt of fun;  
It's an engine, but not an important one.



NINETY-EIGHT

**M**Y whole is found in river or sea;  
I know where a thousand of them  
be.

When Pope observed, "Whatever is, is right,"  
His words were half my first. When Hamlet  
said,

"To be, or not to be," my first was part  
Of his great speech, and even now  
My first is plain before your eyes.

My last

Provides a home and sustenance for all;  
A welcome shout; an exclamation used  
By country folk or those of little wit.  
My whole my first my last.

NINETY-NINE

**M**Y first, when full, holds many a pound.  
In my last of my first a duke was  
drowned.

My first of Troy is much renowned;  
My last an obstacle oft is found;  
'Mid songs and dances they heard the sound  
Of my whole, one time when a king was  
crowned.

A BOOK OF CHARADES

ONE HUNDRED

**M**Y first was a hapless queen  
Who died one day in Spring;  
My first might stand before an Earl  
But never before a King.

My second is Erin's luck,  
The end of all success;  
My third is a Scandinavian god  
Who succoured those in distress.

Scientists disagree  
About the immortal soul;  
But Evolution seems to prove  
We're descended from my whole.

STATE COLLEGE  
LIBRARY



## ANSWERS

- |                        |                  |
|------------------------|------------------|
| 1. Bookworm            | 31. Bequest      |
| 2. Caterwaul           | 32. Springtime   |
| 3. Jaundice            | 33. Coffeemill   |
| 4. Punchbowl           | 34. Image        |
| 5. Seasick             | 35. Marblehead   |
| 6. Phantom             | 36. Rainbow      |
| 7. Drumsticks          | 37. Handkerchief |
| 8. Caprice (Cap, rice) | 38. Deathmask    |
| 9. Nectar              | 39. Boatswain    |
| 10. Nothing            | 40. Baby         |
| 11. Brimstone          | 41. Pageant      |
| 12. Deathknell         | 42. Shamrock     |
| 13. Turmoil            | 43. Laundress    |
| 14. Nightmare          | 44. Cocktail     |
| 15. Jackal             | 45. April        |
| 16. Slumber            | 46. Crabbed      |
| 17. Harebell           | 47. Pleasure     |
| 18. Polestar           | 48. Grapevine    |
| 19. Castanet           | 49. Mermaid      |
| 20. Singly             | 50. Nosegay      |
| 21. Belief             | 51. Corncob      |
| 22. Heirloom           | 52. Escape       |
| 23. Toothbrush         | 53. Heathen      |
| 24. Cognomen           | 54. Maiden       |
| 25. Flagon             | 55. Beanstalk    |
| 26. Milkpail           | 56. Decade       |
| 27. Orchid             | 57. Snowdrop     |
| 28. Samson             | 58. Failure      |
| 29. Poker              | 59. Lesson       |
| 30. Keyhole            | 60. Inkwell      |

# A BOOK OF CHARADES

- |                                  |   |
|----------------------------------|---|
| 61. Seaweed                      | 82. Expense (X, Pence)                  |
| 62. Sparrow                      | 83. Together (To, get,<br>her)          |
| 63. Snowball                     | 84. Animate (Anne, I<br>mate)           |
| 64. Bookplate                    | 85. Hemisphere                          |
| 65. Pigeon (pig, con)            | 86. Mandates                            |
| 66. Shoehorn                     | 87. Backward                            |
| 67. Dido                         | 88. Sinking (Sin, king)                 |
| 68. Cathay (Cat, hay)            | 89. Incoherent (Ink, Co,<br>he, rent)   |
| 69. Elbow (L, bow)               | 90. Hairbreadth                         |
| 70. Pennant (Penn, ant)          | 91. Incandescence (Ink,<br>and essence) |
| 71. Daybreak                     | 92. Nightmare                           |
| 72. Aching (A, King)             | 93. Childhood                           |
| 73. Apron (Ape, run)             | 94. Cantatrice                          |
| 74. Nomad                        | 95. Tourist                             |
| 75. Obey (Oh, Bey)               | 96. Saltcellar                          |
| 76. Cornice (Corn, ice)          | 97. Donkey                              |
| 77. Hammock                      | 98. Island (Is, land)                   |
| 78. Humorist (Hume, O,<br>wrist) | 99. Sackbut                             |
| 79. Willow (Will, low)           | 100. Ancestor                           |
| 80. Bdelium (Dell,<br>yum)       |   |
| 81. Hatter                       |   |

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